114 and evenings suspended in a large Brazilian hammock. In this state of enervation, I must have been the very picture of the languid white [123] man in the tropics. Each late afternoon our house became a gather- [974] ing place for the Tapirapé villagers, who came not only to visit with me (communication was still difficult) but also with each other, and 123 to gaze upon the belongings of the *tori* (non-Indian). My illness ● 538 proved to be a boon for ethnographic research. People were more patient with the sick anthropologist than with the well one. They told stories, not only for my benefit, but also to entertain each other. [713] In attempting to explain to me about a mythological culture hero, a man would find himself telling a myth to the attending audience. Thus, I heard (and saw) Tapirapé stories told as they should be—as dramatic forms spoken with vivacity and replete with mimicry of the animals that are so often characters in these folktales. With my still imperfect knowledge of Tapirapé I inevitably lost the thread of the story and it had to be retold to me more slowly.

115 Champukwi was a frequent visitor during these days of my con- 123 valescence. He came each morning on the way to his garden and 124 he became accustomed to drinking morning coffee with us. And, [512] each late afternoon after he had returned from his garden, he came "to talk"—often slowly retelling the stories and incidents that I had difficulty understanding the evening before. Several days during this period he did not work in his garden but sat for two or three hours talking. He learned when he should pause or repeat a phrase or [212] sentence in order that I might take notes. He came to understand what writing meant, discovering that what I wrote in my notebook I could repeat to him later. In time he appreciated the fact that I was not so much interested in learning the Tapirapé language as I was in comprehending the Tapirapé way of life. As so often is the case when a person understands and speaks a foreign language poorly, one communicates best with but a single person who is accustomed to one's mistakes and one's meager vocabulary. Thus, I could understand and make myself understood to Champukwi better than any [192] other Tapirapé. Moreover, because he spent long hours in our house, [126] he was learning Portuguese from Valentim Gomes, and this was an aid in helping me translate newly learned words and phrases in Tapirapé and even helped me understand his explanations of Tapirapé culture patterns. Champukwi thus consciously became my teacher, and others came to realize that he was teaching me. During